

She's Like the Wind

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Title: She's Like the Wind Author: Cristin Anne E-Mail:

mulligag@tznet.com Rating: PG Archive: Laura, and anyone else who wants it. Disclaimer: I do not own these characters, but I've got a lottery ticket, so I'm keeping my fingers crossed. I do, however, own their musings.

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John Crichton stood in the doorway, silent. He kept vigil, completely absorbed in watching the woman in front of him. His eyes tracked her every move - every punch, every kick, every jab. He watched her tank-top move, as though dancing to silent music with every well-placed hand or foot. He could stand here for hours in the shadows, hidden from her, watching her.

Her muscles rippled under her clothes, sleek as a panther's. They, too, seemed to dance, moving in an intricate pattern to a song only they could hear. John watched them move in an infinite number of ways, circling each other, seeming to play an endless game of cat and mouse.

Her hair was pulled back tight, a single band scaring it into place, letting only the occasional strand make a daring escape into her face. The errant strands glistened under the lights, looking almost like jewels sparkling in some far distant cave that John could never touch. But the strands served only to frame her face, providing a perfect window through which to view her eyes.

John could spend hours looking into those eyes if he was ever given the chance. Normally they looked like the sky over the English moor - grey, inviting, and promising rain. But sometimes they were an endless blue, an ocean of colour to get lost in. And other times,

specks of green would appear, reminding him of the forests he used to visit as a child. Looking into her eyes was like looking at a glimpse of home.

When she had started to feel like home for him, he didn't know. The feelings had crept up on him, quietly infiltrating themselves into his life, until the longing had become as familiar to him as breathing, and as necessary. Without her, a shining light in his darkness, he didn't know if he could survive in this very alien world. He felt her pain, emphasized with her estrangement, fought her fights by her side. She had somehow become a part of him, and John was no longer complete without her.

Sometimes he wondered if she was his destiny, his soulmate, but he knew it was not to be. She was so very alien. Not in appearance, no, but in morals, ideas, and basic truths. He could overlook their differences, revel in the meshing of culture, history, religion, and ideas. But he wasn't sure she ever could.

She was a fighter - born and bred to kill. Taught not to love, not to care, only to do what needed be done. She was taught that she was superior, that no other species could come close to hers in evolutionary and cultural achievements. Slowly, John was cracking that outer shell of prejudice - but he knew that old habits die hard, and that society's hold was hard to break.

Sometimes she would forget that he, too, was an alien here. She would forget that despite appearances, they were from very different worlds. It was then that she would open, giving a glimpse into her soul to anyone who cared to look. He felt blessed to be able to open the book, even if only the first chapter could be read. She had so many hidden pains, even on those first few pages. He longed to hold her in his arms, and kiss the pain away.

But he knew that to do so would be to close the book, locking it forever in some secret vault. He couldn't risk the loss, but every passing day the possibility of an even greater loss loomed in the darkness. John feared that if he didn't risk the loss, the book would fall off the shelf into the endless abyss below - forever irretrievable, and he knew that one loss would have to be risked.

But which loss? To see her forever locked in a shell of hate, prejudice, and single-mindedness, or to lose his only grip on sanity through her soul? He knew, deep down, that she was far more important than himself. Saving her, even at the cost of himself, was worth everything.

He continued to watch her fight an imaginary opponent, reveling in her beauty, both inside and out. In that split second, he reached a decision he had reached many times before, and stepped out of the shadows.

"Aeryn?" He spoke tentatively, slowly.

She stopped mid-punch, bringing her arms down, and turned to look at him. "Crichton? What you do want?"

Her gaze unnerved him, made him lose his courage, as he had so many times before. "Nothing.... nothing."

She shook her at him, muttering something about humans under her breath, and went back to her private, intricate dance. And as John took one last look at her, and turned to leave, a fragment of a song heard long ago, flew unbidden through his mind.

//Just a fool to believe I have anything she needs....//

End
file.